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YAKIMA'S BITTER HARVEST!

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NOT IN REPLY

Don Duncan is "resident (or pet) liberal" at the Seattle Times, a position for which he is handsomely qualified. Through slightly constricted veins flows genuine Wobbly blood and his 1948 ballot boasts an "X" by Henry Wallace's name. His is the liberalism of Thoreau and Bryan, of self-reliance and free silver, of individualism tempered with social conscience.

So with the ardor of a Lincoln Stephens, Duncan strode up to the Coffee Corral to do battle with a tentacular monstrosity of "tracks" worthy of Norris. But muckraking can prove a thankless task when the muck turns out to be quicksand. No number of pathetic visions of deflowered youth or icons of plainclothed puritanism could prevent some of the muck from being flung back in his face.

But Don Duncan, whether you consider him merely misinformed or sycophantic, also happens to be a good person. When the Yakima Eagle complimented his first few articles, Duncan admits that he began to have second thoughts about some of what he had written. In fact he openly (and with a tinge of guilt) admits that his first article was blatant sensationalism, partly the result of Times editorial policy and partly because he depended almost exclusively on what the Narks told him.

I do not doubt the sincerity of his compassion for those he envisions as victims of illicit drug traffic and the subculture which harbors it. There is no more tragic figure than a 15 year old chick strung out on crystal. But no matter how intense one's desire to help, it cannot compensate for ignorance of the real dynamics and forces which are at play in the scene.

In this, Duncan is far from alone. Unintentionally or otherwise the mass media, the government, the business community - the controlling elements in our society - have misrepresented and misinterpreted the Hip phenomena. Whether dwelling on the superficial and often marketable aspects of the scene or screaming from precinct to pulpit the tortuous fate awaiting the smoker of just one joint, those whose duty it supposedly is to inform and serve the public have succeeded in totally confusing everyone. Interestingly enough, they have at the same time avoided publicly confronting a social phenomena which reveals much damning truth about modern American society.

So potential hippies and parents thereof blunder about in anguished doubt and guilt, as hippies and non-hippies and a myriad of other categories run about, bashing their heads against semantic walls. As the numbers of wounded and maimed mounts, the more frantic the game becomes. Only reason and a kind of understanding that borders on love can break the cycle. However, these two elements are conspicuously absent in the approach taken by society toward the scene.

The Hippy thing is a singularly unique phenomena in our cultural history. It is not a rerun of the Beat Period in new drag, as much of the press would have it nor is it merely adolescent rebellion. No cliché or stereotype can be applied with any relevance. And so thus confronted with this unknown quantity, the establishment has sought to manipulate the Hippies into a more familiar, traditional pattern of behavior. They discuss acid in terms of weird colors and patterns, deliberately avoiding such uncomfortable and uncontrollable concepts as self-recognition or existential isolation or natural harmony or human love.

Yet it is just these ideas - those facets of the human being which proclaim humanity and the essence of hip philosophy - that the Press and, alas, Don Duncan never print. Instead they ask of a spontaneous people, "What are your plans?" They ask of a moving people, "Where are you?" They ask of a changing people, "Who are you?" They never ask themselves "Why?"

Walter Crowley

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A GOOD NICKEL PAPER

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Like the inchworm - secure since certain of our length we rhythmically erect and measure out the little novelties the size of our humanity can stand. Authorities on almost everything -"by reason of habit"- we confidently expect to continue on as before. We do not live dangerously, but put away our little violence on dirty continents that need cleaning up anyway. Ideologists -"by reason of habit"- we prune about our garden-variety, star-spangled-bannered prejudices from nine to five...and leave the rest of the day to sleep-walk through our little pleasures.

Weaned by common sense, and trained on the reluctant milk of christian restraint, our American will ordinarily cast his villains as black and extreme. But aside from these grotesque spectres of dogmatic muscle he will keep all the hallucinations he permits himself safe within the simple convexity of symmetry. Or Variations On A Standard Theme: the American can confidently expect to leave his Standard Station and muse through the rear-view-mirror of his mind about the niceness of his STANDARD-DRADNATS man. Or "So what's the difference anyway?"

One local "villain" with a "mind for differences" is Waymond Ware: to the local imagination a veritable apocalyptic contortion...i.e., a marxist and a negro. It used to be the tour politicians would at least exhibit the rhetorical gamesmanship to make it seem like we had a choice. But now, perhaps, in our hearts we know that everyone is right..... LBJ taught us this...."by reason of habit." We are clearly not interested in alternatives. So our local council campaigning is a drab matter...really very boring. We are left like weary cynics to patronize the symptoms. Or if we are Emmett Watson we take delight in radical juxtapositions.

Some weeks ago Watson got Ware's campaign off the mean earth by running in his PI column the qualified endorsement of Ware given by some outfit of Republican women. Upon examination they concluded that Waymon "Skip" Ware was a man of principle...sincere and dedicated." It was, after all, kind of the gracious east-of-the-lake ladies to drop for a moment that colossal villainous spectre. But it was pickish of Watson to run immediately beneath this endorsement a bit from Ware's campaign material. "I support the Black Freedom fighters in Newark, Detroit, and other urban centers who are waging a social rebellion against racism, poverty and hopelessness. I share their anger, their frustrations and their determination, and I respect their courage." Watson's delightfully perverse attention to conflict instigated another group of Republican androgynes to soundly admonish the gracious ladies. It was, they claimed, just this sort of man - or perhaps his political philosophy - for which the Republican party was created to destroy. Now this in turn delighted Ware, for it was "just this sort of" political and candid dialectic that Ware wished to promote. In this sense the Ware-Watson imaginations are similar, but where Watson is left titillating, Ware goes on to burrowing willfully with an ideology that must be conscious. For Ware is, again, a Marxist...not your garden-variety system stooge, nor your single-minded true believer, nor your cunning hypocritical conspirator, but a Marxist with a sense of humor...of historical irony...i.e.;

(Cont. on Page 6)

Last week we ran a little bit of an excursion through the interviewed person of E. A. "EDDIE" BLACK, candidate for city council position no. 5. There, we noted, that besides an aversion to "hippies", which is understandable, Black indicated that he "meant" something which at the time confused us.... i. e. he meant "business". Now it is clear, in a narrower sense that the old political cliche provides for, the E. A. "EDDIE" BLACK does in fact mean BUSINESS...BIG BUSINESS. Thus, it is especially confusing why the Labor Council, the Aeromechanics, and certain other labor organizations have endorsed E.A. "EDDIE" BLACK. Actually, our surprise is largely feigned; it is quite understandable. Labor unions today, with few exceptions, are the political trusts of the businesses in which they are included. Consequently, most every worker is a company man, without knowing it.

E. A. "EDDIE" BLACK is a company man of another order i.e. conscious and proclaimed. E. A. "EDDIE" BLACK has consistently reveled through the history of his business-political aspirations a callous lack of concern for not only workers but the public generally. EDDIE BLACK has consistently defended the right to work initiatives. While he was an executive at Pacific Car and Foundry he sent out a letter over his signature urging the recipients to sign the Right to Work petition. With a petty instance of the shuffle he pleased before the Labor Council that his position would have been in danger had he not delivered the mail.

During the World's Fair, E. A. "EDDIE" BLACK brought in the Dominion Monarch, that controversial english vessel, to join the local shuck of out-of-town visitors. To escape the financial and legal liens of vessel regulations he stuck pilings about the ship, and made it a permanent installation...except that when the Fair was over, he pulled the pilings and steamed it out again. The Dominion Republic was a "scab" ship non-union despite frequent complaints from the Marine Engineers Beneficial Association and the Stationary Engineers Union.

During the second world war E. A. "EDDIE" BLACK owned a shipyard down on piers 65 and 66. His business was repair and most of his contracts involved army transports. This "meant" so much "business" to Black that he chose to disregard local litter regulations, i.e. he dumped all the old brick over the side. This later had to be dredged at public expense. E. A. "EDDIE" BLACK also sold an old shipyard near Winslow to the state ferry system, for the-"as every marine engineer knows"-suspect function of overhauling state ferries. It has never been used...but the state has been had.

Then we remember the now celebrated political circling of Black's when queried by KOMO's John Komen concerning the local racial problem, "after all, I'm very familiar with this problem, having been president of the Garfield Alumni and yell-king while a student there." Black, we have discovered, is also president of the local Town and Country Club; a club which excludes negroes.

In the facing article-the one on Waymon Ware-we noted that the working class seems to have bartered its humanity for the chance to work over-time. In endorsing E. A. "EDDIE" BLACK it also seems to have given up the ghost. Or as one dissident laborite of Seattle exclaimed, "If the dolheads of Seattle elect E. A. "EDDIE" BLACK they deserve him."

OP-CHACK PROJECTIONS

-In seattle, autumn may bring a workshop on street meeting techniques and skills. As the long, hot Vietnam Summer drew to a close, a street meeting held downtown at 1st and Pike convinced participants of the need for better planning. SCEWV (Seattle Committee to End the War in Vietnam) is proposing the workshop. Its members held the street session, along with sympathizers from other anti-war groups.

-The anti-war movement entered autumn strengthened by the third annual Hiroshima Day Memorial and rally to stop the war. Held August 6th at Peace Arch Park in Blaine along the U.S.-Canadian border, the rally drew 2000 persons. Almost \$1000 was collected there to help the Hiroshima Day Fund. Altogether, \$3000 was handed over to the fund by SCEWV and other groups. SCEWV reports the transfer of money and medical supplies was an act of civil disobedience since it violates the U.S. "Trading with the Enemy Act."

-Now, with autumn here, the push is toward the week of October 16 - 21. Saturday, October 21, will be a day of massive demonstrations and sieges across the country. The Pentagon won't be missed.

-"A multicolored human ring" will surround the Pentagon October 21, according to Jerry Rubin, national director of the day's demonstrations. As Rubin told the Berkeley Barb, "Black power, woman-power, labor power, student power and hippy power will be aimed at the heart of America's war power. "The Pentagon will be the focus of all demonstrations. We want to confront the generals, MacNamara, the commanders," said Rubin. Rubin will be back in Berkeley late this month to report on final plans for the Pentagon siege.

-All over the country. October 21 will be THE DAY: "A day of united activities with many levels of intensity, from simple protest to determined direct action." General activities for the day are being directed by the National Mobilization Committee to End

the War in Vietnam. Headquarters are at 857 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003. The same group organized the massive April 15 protests.

-The week of October 16 - 21: Oakland will be witness to a four day siege of the Oakland Induction Center. The protest will be sponsored by the National Stop the Draft Week Committee, 449 14th st., San Francisco, 94103. "We have picketed, protested, leafleted and argued against the draft and the racist war in Vietnam," said Terence Cannon, a committee member. "We plan to create a base of power that will keep the government from forcing more young men in against their will."

-The week (October 16 - 21) or THE DAY (October 21) will see massive protest and sieges throughout the U.S. Specifics have not been disclosed, but Seattle will be one of the protest sites. Other protests will take place at draft centers in Portland, L.A., New York, Madison and other cities.

-Draft Resistance - Seattle currently is conducting a drive to involve more high school students in an effort to extend education about the draft to the high school level. Students must be contacted and kept informed. Draft Resistance - Seattle wants to hear from such students---and from all interested persons. The group has information for students and for all draft and war opponents at P.O. Box 713, Seattle. It is working with the San Francisco Stop the War Committee to organize protests for October 16 - 21.

-Word for autumn from overseas via the National Guardian. GI deserters are hiding out in Europe by the hundreds---legally in two nations and illegally but safely in at least five others. The aim is now to find deserters willing to become test cases which might lead to granting of legal refuge throughout Europe as is now the case in France and Sweden.



4.

CAPRICORN in TRANSIT

CAROL BUCHOLTS

ONCE, there was an art gallery in Seattle that presented really NOW kinds of art back THEN, before anyone but the cognoscenti knew that it was NOW. The NOW, THEN is still very NOW even if it did happen THEN. That was what this gallery was about. (In the language of the trade, this is "avant garde".) If you're still following, I'll try to clarify all this.

This fabled art gallery encouraged artists to show honest expression and to explore their own unique abilities, rather than making "saleable" works. Viewers were asked to see beyond the subject to the content level in a work of art. This gallery believed that art and the act of living were one and the same. (Tat tvam asi.) Art should not be treated as a holy, cloistered thing. It is vital, nebulous, sometimes delightful, sometimes awesome. A Shiva-like creature, beautiful and terrible, destroying and creating in cyclic rhythm.

During the time that this art gallery was operating, a series of allied arts was presented there. A program of chamber music, jazz, poetry, or drama was featured once a week during a month's time; contrasted against the gallery exhibit. In this series the first underground films were shown in Seattle, with Tom Robbins as the co-ordinator. One of the films, "Plastic Haircut", was made by two local artists; Robert Hudson, sculptor, and William Wiley, painter. They are now both ex-Washington residents, having moved to more lucrative environs. Members of the Seattle Symphony performed in the chamber music program. Poet, John Logan, gave a reading. Chuck Metcalf, bassist and Helix contributor, organized the jazz program. Some of the Seattle Repertory cast performed in the drama programs. It was no mean display of talent. If all that could happen back THEN, what have we got NOW to take its' place?

In 1965, the gallery closed and its' name became legend. The legend's name was "The Scott Galleries", on Eastlake Avenue. In art circles people still speak nostalgically of the THEN controversial shows, NOW painfully missing in Seattle. Jerry Ballarine, who is becoming nationally famous, was just one of the painters who caused a magnificent furor back THEN.

Don Scott is the man who pulled this all together, with Boyd Grafmyre as his business partner. Scott has been away from Seattle for the past two years. He had received a no-stipulation private grant for travel and study and has just returned from Afghanistan. Prior to that, he had stayed in Marblehead, Mass., where he had written a book that combines visual impact with the verbal. It succeeds in restoring the potency of words in the Druidic sense. (McLuhan, take note!) More about that another time.

Scott lived nine months in Kandahar, Afghanistan. Far away from our Saran-wrapped, Baggie-enclosed, Fresh-frozen, Instant commodities and Telesat communications, he experienced a culture almost unchanged for hundreds of years. A culture geared to the

passing seasons, food eaten when it was harvested, unmechanized productions, reliance on a man's hands and the works they can perform. Scott fell into this simpler, more basic pattern of living. He stopped reading, wanting to discover his own thoughts and ideas. Information was exchanged person to person. The essentials of living were solved day by day. Seen from the perspective of Kandahar, the war in Vietnam loomed as a gross and monstrous stupidity. After three months of acculturation in Afghanistan, he made a simple but profound discovery and put it in a mural form on his apartment wall. (He has written of this aspect of his stay in Afghanistan, in the August 20th edition of the Seattle P.I.'s, Northwest Today.)

In the month of Joma, on the winter solstice, the Sun entered into the Tropic of Capricorn. That day, the Sun danced, Don Scott SAW it, grooved with it and chronicled it for others to SEE, too. The Sun is indifferent in its dance, but its rhythm influences all of man's activities. It was a joyous dance and the Sun's form was made manifest through three arched windows in Scott's room. These windows were shaped like a stylized half-sunburst; a divided half-circle with six "rays" surrounding the two quarters. On the 20th of December, 1966, Scott first sketched this design on his wall. On the 21st, the shortest day of the year, armed with powdered pigments in bright primary colors and a glue from Red China as a binder, purchased from the Bazaar, Scott sketched the twenty four panes of glass in their geometric patterns at 7 different times during the day from sunrise to sunset. No matter what else happened, the sun kept on its timeless dance, slipping past its sketched image, making different, elongated patterns, slithering around corners and onto doors. "I didn't always feel in control of myself during the production of this thing", said Scott, "but rather felt as if I were in some sort of Communion with the SUN... (or Something)... but when I was through it was a joyful thing to SEE and to BE in and I liked it a lot."

The mural is still in Kandahar, in the apartment where Scott lived, but he has carried away with him the most important part of the experience. The act of really seeing and working together with a primal force of nature to create a thing of JOY and happiness for others to share. Scott described it, "like being plugged into the original source instead of an electrical outlet."

Later this year Scott will combine slides of Afghanistan, the mural, a domed ceiling he decorated there, found objects, constructions, and many other things, in an environmental show at one of the Seattle art galleries. He feels this will best explain his year's activities creatively. Currently, Don Scott is teaching a day class in color theory and 2-dimensional design and an evening seminar-type class in design, at Cornish School.

NOW ON STAGE

LeRoi Jones' THE DUTCHMAN & THE SLAVE

ENSEMBLE THEATRE

When will drama critics quit mistaking the anguished yells of pain emanating from LeRoi Jones for mere "angry violence"? Why the hell can't newspapers, particularly our local Leviathans, stop running cheap, sensational promotion that deliberately ignores the elementary truth that without pain there can be neither anger nor violence? This reaction is intensified by having been in the opening night audience Friday September 8 for Jones' double bill The Slave and Dutchman, performed in tandem for the first time in the Northwest, and discovering that the hero of The Slave, Walker Vessels, a former poet turned black revolutionary leader, epitomizes the torment afflicting a man with enough insight to realize that in his struggle to take over the power structure, to have his turn at calling the shots, he has destroyed all creative juice within himself and estranged himself from everything he once cherished. As in no other work of Jones', you are made aware of the price paid for unremitting hatred. In spite of Alexander Conley's performance verging occasionally on the drunken buffoon, and the total lack of any current flowing between Vessels and his former wife, (impossible to believe that these two people could ever have meant anything to each other), the play can grab one's attention with lines of stunning force that too seldom emerge from the welter of windy verbiage that bogs down the action. The central dramatic theme of this play should have provided sure-fire theatrical fireworks... a black revolutionary leader returning to con-

front his white former wife and her stock-liberal professor husband... but somehow it never ignites, leaving you with the tantalizing feeling of having seen something with enormous potential that just didn't come off.

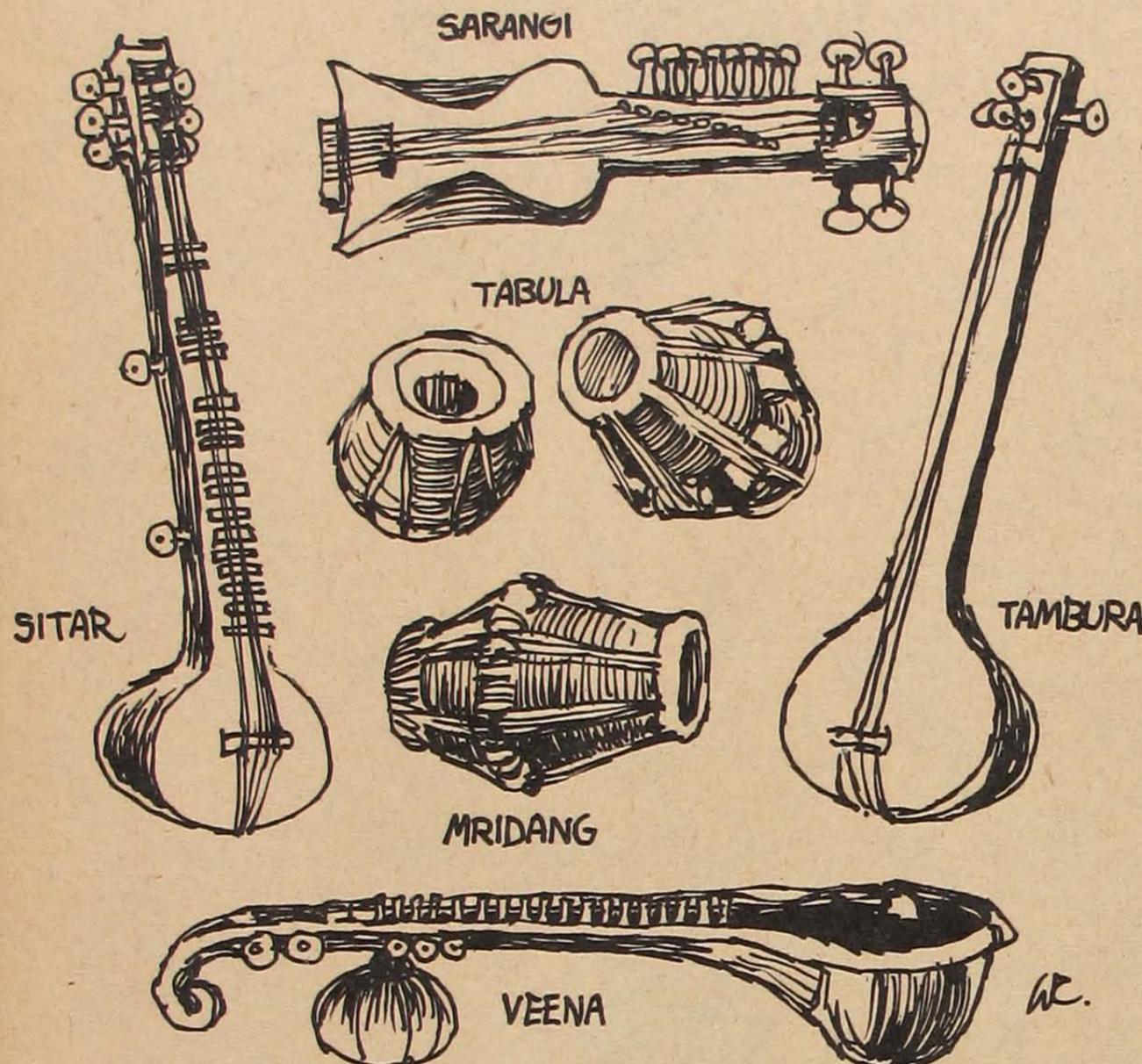
Dutchman is another matter. Undeniably successful theatre, it wallops you over the head with its raw clash between the whore and the Negro, but does much more to infuriate, in ways that I am sure Jones never intended. I am reduced to weary ire by the long string of campy plays starring malignant bitches typifying all the evils of current society, and Jones should be ashamed at stooping to using the easy and familiar target of the destructive harlot to engage audience sympathy for his hero. Dammit, she is just as victimized by this society as he, so how the devil can Jones justifiably, nay even believably, use her as a symbol of white oppression? Nevertheless, as sheer theatrical pow, this performance by Pat Huckle and Doug Barnett is undeniably exciting, and you forget, as you never can in The Slave, that you are watching symbols but get caught up in the gutsy encounter of two immensely alive and real human beings. Hurry on down to 107 Occidental to see these two plays before our friendly neighborhood fuzz force decides that maybe the salty dialogue or Lula's frenetic pelvic gyrations are not in the best interest of local playgoers. These plays run Fridays and Saturdays through October 7 and tickets are \$2. They can be reserved by calling the Ensemble at MA 3-3171.

SA NG EET

ISHWAR SINGH

"Nothing can alter the fact that your enjoyment of music is proportionate to your depth of understanding." It is toward this objective -- the understanding of Indian music -- that this primary attempt is made.

SANGEET can be described as the very hallmark of Indian culture. Comparisons are, I know, odious; but I may be permitted to say that our system of music involves so many unique and distinctive features to which no other system can lay claim. The RAGA and the TALA system, which forms the central principle and main structure, has no other parallel. This system can in turn be divided into two broad sections: the Northern or HINDUSTANI and the southern or KARANATAKA. Though they differ materially in many details including methods and styles of presentation, in basic principles both systems are the same. To mention exponents of both, Ustal Ali Akbar Khan and Ravi Shankar are internationally respected masters of the HINDUSTANI style, while M. S. Subbulaskhmi is consummate master of the KARANATAKA.



NEW POLITICS

The New Politics Convention held in Chicago from August 29 to September 5, was the first effort of all the elements of the New Left to formulate a nationally coordinated program. The incredible distortion of the Convention by the establishment press indicates that something meaningful did go on.

The Convention split into two working groups when the black people of the Convention became disenchanted with the structuring of the Convention. Black people compose a large proportion of the radical movement and yet the Convention steering committee was only one third black. This, along with the difficulty black people had getting housing when they arrived in Chicago, led to great tension between the black and white radicals at the outset of the Convention. The black people from Alabama and Mississippi arrived in Chicago to find that they had no place to stay. The Black Caucus issued an ultimatum to the steering committee. If housing was not found that evening, they would tear down the Palmer House, the plush Hotel where the Convention was held. Housing was found.

The Convention progressed for several days in two distinct groups: the Black Caucus, composed of the black radicals and the Convention plenary composed mostly of white delegates. One of the highlights was when Floyd McKissick, the brilliant national leader of CORE (Congress of Racial Equality), spoke to the entire Convention. He clearly articulated the frustration and anger of the black people. McKissick explained that the problem of the black man in America is fundamentally different from the problems of the alienated white man and that the black people are going to solve their own problems in their own way. He noted that racism is rampant in American society and candidly manifests itself in both domestic and foreign policy. He stated that the black people are involved in a movement to liberate themselves from 300 years of oppression and if such liberation required the destruction of the existing American institutions, then so be it.

The speech was well received, but the Convention had not taken any step to show its identification with black liberation. The next evening the Black Caucus presented the steering committee with thirteen resolutions. In a meeting that lasted from midnight to 4:30 AM, the steering committee discussed the resolutions and listened to young black militant articulate what is going on in the ghettos. They said they were prepared to die to see their people liberated from American oppression. It became clear to many of the white people that the Black Movement is far more sophisticated than the white radical movement in recognizing the evils of the present American Capitalistic system.

They had perceived how the liberal American system inhibited and disenfranchised the people. And they set forth the need for immediate fundamental change in this society. They indicated that

Studying the RAGA, the most unique and glorious feature of Indian music, is an excellent introduction to the understanding of Indian music. This highly developed and complicated system is the consequence of a very long evolution out of the simplest types of folk music. RAGA is a melodic law or order. Technically, it is a melody type based on a modal scale. The two most important rules in a RAGA formation are (1) at least five main notes must be employed; (2) -- less exact but more formidable -- the formation must involve that which delights or charms, and that is RAGA. In short, the RAGA scale must have essentially aesthetic potentialities. There are about thirty popular RAGAS; to name a few Sri, Bhairavi, Jogi, Kedar etc. In addition to the note restrictions included in some RAGAS, there are RAGAS which are played only a particular times or the day or for various moods and stages of the mind. But, most important, though to the untrained ear it may not seem so, every RAGA has its own character.

The TALA system, which is equally complex, exhibits the infinite potentials of rhythm. It plays two important roles in our music. Primarily, it serves as an accompaniment to vocal and instrumental music; however, it also has its solo potential on the TABLAOR and the MRIDANGE (drums), the two principal instruments of tala accompaniment.

(The RAGA and the TALA can be called classical or scientific as distinguished from other kinds of Indian music, e.g. folk music, light classical, "fill-in" music. These latter do not adhere to such strict rules.)

Indian instrumental music is perhaps as old as vocal music itself. The instruments can be included into two groups: (1) string instruments and (2) wind instruments. The former can be further divided into two classes; those played with a stroke of the fingers or with a Plectra and those played with a bow. VEENA, RABAB, SAROD and SITAR belong to the former class; while SARANGI and DILRUBA (like the violin) belong to the latter. The former are solo instruments, while the latter are principally used for accompaniment. And of all these, only the VEENA, SITAR and DILRUBA have frets. Only the bowed instruments produce a continuous sound. Sounds from the plucked instruments are produced in jerks or strokes. While sounds from the SARANGI resemble the human voice it is the VEENA whose sounds approximate it to the most exacting degree.

Of the second class of instruments -- the wind -- the SHEHNAI and the BASARI (flute) are the two most important. However, since the complexity of sound potential is not nearly so rich as that of the string instruments they have not gained equal status with them.

As noted in the above the TABLA and the MRIDANG are skin percussion instruments meant for TALA accompaniment and are also played independently. Since these instruments produce only one note, they cannot reproduce vocal music at all.

Foreign instruments such as the violin and the clarinet have made their way into our system. The harmonium has also been in use for over a century. The real Indian drone is TAMBURA; a four stringed instrument with a large gourd at the bottom and a long hollow wooden neck above. The resonance of its sound, created by the hollowness of the gourd and neck above, is enhanced by means of shreds of wool or silk inserted between the wire and the lower bridge.

(Cont. on Page 6)

CONVENTION

capitalism leads to racism and imperialism and they showed historically how this had been the case. The steering committee responded by calling an emergency session of the Convention to consider the thirteen resolutions. The plenary accepted these resolutions 17,000 to 6,000 after much argument and soul-searching.

The final crisis was over giving the Black Caucus 50% of the votes in all committees. Again the debate was long with the fundamental question being whether white radicals were truly willing to work with black radicals on the basis of equal distribution of power. The arguments against giving 50% of the vote to the black radicals was that it would be undemocratic. In favor was the argument that black people probably comprise more than half of the radicals in the United States, that the greater sophistication of the black radicals in the problems of American society would make them the appropriate leaders of the radical movement and finally, that the white people had to show that they were willing to work with black people in good faith. Again, an overwhelming majority voted for the 50% representation on all committees. At this point, the Convention got down to the business of forming a viable national program for radicalism in the future.

New Politics has committed itself to a national year of community organizing with each particular area organizing around local problems. We recognize that black and white people must each organize their own communities. Further, the black community is well beyond the white community in acting to fundamentally change the American system. It became apparent that white organizers must work in their own neighborhoods to create a radical movement which will offer an alternative to the sterile and oppressive system now existing. Proposed as vehicles for change were the presently existing use of electoral procedures on local and national levels and the use of "freedom elections" for the formation of neighborhood governments that assert their right to control local services and education. Also suggested were educational and direct action programs against the continuing destruction of America's cities by business, the police, the military, etc.; education and direct action against the war in Vietnam and the draft. Another proposal was the building of democratic counter institutions such as radical schools and cooperatives.

The long-range effect of the Convention is obviously impossible to determine at this time. Nevertheless, in Seattle we feel the same disenfranchisement and alienation by the system as our sisters and brothers feel all over the world. We must begin to organize ourselves to change this system using the tools we have available to us. We are already forming cooperatives locally, we are already opposing the draft and the war, but we must magnify and refine our efforts if we have any hope of creating a society where everybody can do their own thing.

ROBERT STERN

COLE JUSTICE REVISITED

A few issues back we reported a "cultural lag" of the first order: rife with the blind injustice that only an established power can so blatantly display. The principles: the Ellensburg Police Department, practically the entire Ellensburg hip community and a judge named Cole. The ones in the middle were arrested after Judge Cole had signed some 30 duplicated search warrants with the names of almost anyone the police department thought might be involved in the use of marijuana. As it turned out practically all of those picked up for possession or sale of Cannabis were C.W.S.C. students. The sentences given to these more or less hip students was directly proportionate to the degree of the subject's "phenomenal hipness." All of this after Judge Cole refused to debar himself on the grounds of prejudice.

Now having received reports from visitors to the county jail we are able to print some additional facts and anecdotes connected with the case.

The actions of Judge Cole have been found "illegal" by the State Board of Prison Terms and Paroles. So far only three of the sentenced, those sent to Shelton with big terms, have been sent back to Ellensburg for resentencing. It is impossible to determine yet if this action will have any effect on those others in the county jail.

One of the three, Kilpatrick, had been sentenced on two counts of sale to two 10 year sentences running concurrent. His fiancee, their engagement was announced in the papers on the same day as their arrest, has recently completed her two month sentence in the county jail for possession. She is now, by the instruction of Judge Cole, not allowed to visit her fiance until both of their sentences are fully served. Kilpatrick, who years before as a teen-ager had been convicted for the sale of narcotics - for 50 cents a pill prescribed to him for narcolepsy - had decided shortly before his arrest to leave Ellensburg with his fiancee to manage a farm offered him by a relative. The police informer to whom Kilpatrick sold the marijuana had been a friend for many years to many of the convicted. He was also a moralistic medler, a nice guy, who like many a nice guy harbored a few authoritarian compulsions. He was buying the pot, he explained, in order to resell it to a friend in another town. Kilpatrick and others in the room advised him against selling it. He could get in trouble.

Another, a girl 18 years of age, was sentenced to 90 days in jail and five years parole for sale. This is how the "sale" went. Having hardly any association with marijuana before her arrest, she had alerted to the potential busts that were stirring in the community and had decided to give up her prized two joints. But before she could dispose of them the girl across the hall, with whom she had on many occasions visited and even discussed the subject of marijuana, requested that she sell the grass to her. Instead our inmate gave it to her...except that later she discovered a dollar bill on her table. For some reason her neighbor had insisted on buying. She was picked up for sale of marijuana and is now obliged to the moral machinations of Judge Cole for five years.

We published before a report of a long-haired boy named Randy who had been thrown into Klikitas County Jail for "trespassing": the Klikitas euphemism for visiting a friend and finding that his father doesn't like you. For this he spent over two months in the county jail. Independent of his parents - a policeman termed his mother a "floozy in California," he was simply kept in county jail for two months and then sent to Cascadia for psychological evaluation.

Another example of the dangerous Orwellian directions of contemporary "mental health" is the "story" about Allan. The fifteen year old precocious son of a C.W.S.C. professor. Allan was unfortunate enough to have parents with tragic inclinations: inclinations which in a police state would develop into the grotesque dimensions of members of the same family spying on one another.

One weekend Allan decided to leave home for a couple of days and decided for some unexplained reason to visit Bellevue. There while window shopping he stumbled into a telephone pole. The local police noting the collision requested the long haired youth to reveal his identity. They suspected that he was under the influence of some dangerous drug. Detecting that he was 15 years old and from Ellensburg they sent him home to jail, of course. There he was released only after Judge Cole advised him that he was to have a haircut every two weeks, have no association with "those" people he had met in jail and "their kind," that he obey his parents and be home every night by nine and finally that he must most certainly visit the police station every Friday without fail. One Friday Allan failed to report. They slapped him in jail and shortly thereafter found an LSD capsule on his desk at home. (A most precocious youth). He was sentenced as "incorrigible" to Cascadia for psychiatric evaluation.

Our source - who visited the inmates on a "few" occasions through their peep-holes - has told us a few things about the Klikitas County jail. Things were rather difficult for the inmates when they first entered their cells. Judge Cole had given the police instructions to "pamper" the inmates. They were housed in cells 8' by 10' which included six bunks, a shower and an open toilet. Visitors are allowed to talk to the prisoners for 15 minutes once a week on Fridays. The only time the inmates are allowed to leave their cell is to visit their lawyer. Elk meat, confiscated from illegal hunters, is the staple diet. Three of the girls wound up in the hospital. The County allows a 19 cent food allotment for each prisoner a day. Visitors' parents were frequently called and told that their children were associating with drug users. They were allowed only certain reading material...i.e. on one occasion Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* was confiscated...it was thought to be a book about marijuana.

On one occasion a young man, straight-looking but high, was taken to the county jail in Ellensburg after he had been shooting off a gun in Cle Elam. He was carrying marijuana and bags of glue. After a brief stay in the jail - in order to cool off - he was released with no charges being pressed. He and his parents had recently moved to Cle Elam from Richmond Beach. His father had just bought a restaurant in Cle Elam.

(Examples of Cole "justice" could continue but we shall save them for a later issue when we learn more about the resentencing ordered by the State Board of Prison Terms and Paroles.)



A NEW SERVICE
GUEST CONTRIBUTOR:
K.E. ROOSSEN-RUNGE
JACK DELAY

Bob Block, candidate for City Council Position No. 2, has proposed that the city establish professional counseling services for the members of the community who have physical or mental problems. Its focus would be "hippies" as well as "straights." Its emphasis would be short-term help. Block's proposal underlines the city's shortcomings in the area of social services for its low-income populations. Such municipal services are certainly necessary, but it is not clear that they could serve many of the needs of the "hippie" community.

The needs of the "hippie" set run the gamut from simple first-aid to intensive medical care, from individual anxiety to a "bum trip". These are unresolved needs of many individuals in the "hippie" community, not of "hippies" per se. Many members of this community simply cannot cope with the contents of the "bag", others have no idea what local services are available in time of stress. The larger community services, clinics, courts, and law-enforcement, have not met these needs with a constructive program. Most often the attitudes of such services have been expressed in terms of rigid and punitive confrontations, and by moralizing rhetoric. Such means resolve nothing, and increase the general anxiety felt by many when exposed to such services in our city.

A local community referral, medical, and counseling service may well be the answer. If it is staffed by both professional and lay persons, well-acquainted with, when not members of, the "hippie" scene, its prognosis will be enhanced. Conventional models and approaches to clinical and referral services must be reassessed in the light of the community being served. To succeed, this combination of services must be programmed, staffed, and supported by the community itself. Its social-psychological fabric cannot be strengthened from without, only from within. This means involvement by you and I, members and friends of the "hippie" scene. Friends are fine, but members must define and carry the load.

A service of this nature is in the planning stages now. Hopefully it will be established within the next month in the

GRATEFUL'S DEAD CROWD
"FU" STONEHILL

Rock bands do not get their power from a plug in the wall -- it comes completely from empathy with the audience.

The Grateful Dead came to Seattle to play their music, which they did, and did well. Yet there was something lacking -- the Dead came to Seattle to spread their cosmic energy by music, and Seattle was not ready for it. Seattle was on the make, as usual.

It was as though most of the audience showed up with something to prove, instead of enjoying themselves. And that attitude passed to the band.

The Dead tried their hardest to get the place going, but were only achieving their goal toward the end. Pigpen got up and bawled out a fantastic outrageous version of "Midnight Hours" and pretty well had the whole place going. And then the Dead were beautiful. Electricity flowed back and forth between the band and audience and the Dead put out with everything they had -- the audience had finally gotten the message. But it all ended too soon. It never took off completely.

Seattle proved once again it had no soul. The bands got up and played, and played well. It was a contract filled and not much more.

University District. Its establishment is dependent on the resolution of a most basic need: CASH! Cash is needed to finance a "home" for the service; the service will be staffed by volunteers. Several members of the local medical profession have volunteered their support and services to the enterprise, and it is certainly to be appreciated. They have no intent to dictate its scope, nor its existence. It is hoped that the "hippie" community will respond sensitively with ideas, energetically with "coins" and dollar-bills, to support this service. Anyone interested should contact either Mrs. Lee Kirschner, at LA 5 8463, or myself at EA 5 9907.

YAKIMA: AN EVOLVING PROBLEM BEYOND SENSATION

Despite excellent efforts by several Seattle groups, the crisis in Yakima remains only barely alleviated. Although tons of food and clothing have been transported to this fertile valley, the thousands of workers who harvest its abundance continue to live on a diet that distends the stomachs of their children. A cursory dialogue with Clyde Whitney, a BNC member who has just returned from Yakima, revealed the following information.

Right now, the valley idles through a three week interim between the final stages of the pear season and the start of apple picking. Reports indicate that 4,000 workers will be unable to find steady employment during the apple harvest. If we multiply this number by the three or four dependents that practically every migrant worker must provide for, we are actually concerned with something like 12 to 16,000 people who face an intolerable aggravation of an already severe food shortage.

The farm-workers are eligible for the food stamp program. (Free federal food was withdrawn from them when local businessmen complained that it was taking away business.) Nevertheless, most are too poor to purchase the stamps. Dependent on outside sources, if these fail, the only alternative for the unemployed is to face starvation or to steal.

This is happening now. Despite the fact that many do not have enough money for gas the hungry still find a way to get into town. The youths present a special problem. Unless something is set up for them during this idle period they can be expected to raise hell. The penalties could be extremely severe.

*****It is late saturday night. A group of teenagers gather outside a local ice cream parlor. Two motorcycle cops pass by. One of the youths shouts "There go the wheels." The cops return and try to break up the crowd. A riot breaks out. More police are summoned. All involved are taken into custody and jailed*****

Bruce Anderson, one member of the BNC, narrates his experience in the Ahtanum Labor Camp.

When our car arrived at the camp we were met by five "officials" who work with the migrant workers. We unloaded the car and then were given a tour of the camp. I saw six people living in a small shack about ten feet long and seven feet wide. There were no windows - just screens. I was told that there was no running water in the cabins. They have to walk from three to five blocks just to get cooking water. The toilets I saw were just as far away, and unlit and unflushable. The nearest hospitals were miles away. We stopped to talk with a few of the workers. They were kind enough and asked us to come back again."

Members of the Basic Needs Co. have been carrying supplies to Yakima weekly. Canned milk, baby food, fruit juice, canned goods, bread, soap, detergent, blankets, clothing, toys.

The response of the workers to this aid has been encouraging. It has kept the BNC moving back and forth between the two cities. But, of course, the effectiveness of the BNC acting alone would be so minute as to seem almost a gesture. Although any amount of food and clothing will improve the situation, more crises will occur in the future unless greater steps are taken to remove the underlying causes. Now that the state-wide sensationalism regarding this matter has inevitably died down it is worth repeating that the plight of the Yakima farm-workers is an enduring one. Although this year the situation is more critical it is still depressing every year. And it is especially depressing to the workers, who have, perhaps unfortunately, learned in many cases somewhat to live with it. Men who are used to few rights they work in the midst of the most fructose abundance. Frequently beaten down the contrasts between their fate and that of those around them seems in many instances to no longer bother them. But there are hopes and exceptions.

*****Two migrant workers, Ray Johnson and Ronnie Wills, have organized a summer camp so that the children who cannot work with their parents will not have to be left alone while their parents are away working the fields. To keep the project alive they need toys, art supplies, musical instruments and books for a library.

The efforts of the Basic Needs Co. have been concentrated in one camp. There a spark of enthusiasm has actually been ignited. But there are literally 65 more camps in the Yakima Valley. If we are to help these, then we must greatly expand our efforts. Other organizations must take independent action. While the government continues, except for token gestures, to sit on the side, we must help them first by fulfilling their basic needs as best we can. And then by encouraging them through love and understanding to help themselves.

Call ME 2-9320 if you have any idea of how you might help.

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TURNER'S NEMESIS

Floyd Turner's trial is set for Tuesday the 19th. Following the lead story in this month's Seattle Magazine - it featured Floyd as the wrong man - the city can be expected to watch closely for a reversal of Judge Manolides original madness. In fact, what with national legislation in this matter, and national press coverage about flag-burnings generally, the entire nation can be said to be at least potentially interested. The ACLU will submit a brief on the constitutional issues involved. Very simply - and we feel self-evidently - they will defend the guiltlessness of flag-burning as involved in our essential freedom of expression.

HAWKINSVILLE

John Hawkins - the man who was to die on Sunday - has had his time extended. The recent ACLU appeal to the US Supreme Court for a stay of execution has been granted. Now they have until October 9th to submit to the Supreme Court all further information pertinent to a review of the Hawkins case. The Court will decide, upon examining the documents, whether or not to review the case any further. Should they decide not to, Hawkins will be executed whenever a new date can be "conveniently" set. However, should they decide to carry on with a deeper scrutiny, they may consequently either call for a new hearing or issue a summary order. This could reverse the decision of the lower court, order a new trial, or even free him.

We implied in our last issue, that the ACLU got involved only after the "Sunday Hanging" madness. This is false; they were at it much earlier. We shall continue to follow all this as long as the ACLU does, which should be as long as Hawkins is either involved or alive.

WARE (cont. from page 3)

----that there be no class(neither jew nor gentile) we must promote class.
----that there be peace(that passeth understanding) we must live dangerously.
----that there be no difference(between men) we must recognize, lift from suppression and destroy those differences that keep men from their essential and various humanity. And after all this the apocalyptic joke - the smiling Brahma on the backside of the terrifying Shiva - "Civil Liberties with Responsible Individual Anarchy." Or from the mouth of the devil, "the end justifies the means"...when the means is pregnant with the love that rejects the eroticized death that is most "life" and embraces the life that is full of the most quixotic reversals - the life that of loving necessity lives dangerously in full and ripe variety.

The odds against Ware's being elected are, of course, overwhelming. As a member of the working class he must run against a class which bartered its humanity for the chance to work overtime. And as a Negro he must run against a race that is only now finding the soul to transcend their unfortunate desire to be "white." In the midst of full-man, various in their humanity, what's the difference anyway?

WARE ON A FEW THINGS....

ON THE GHETTO: "The Ghetto is the Crime itself and the victims will not accept the responsibility for it...We have in our minds a system that does not require a Ghetto...We need to take away the power from those who need the Ghetto. "In the Ghetto you wake up broke. Your neighbor wakes up broke. You victimize each other...When I was a kid in the country we ran around in packs of 12 or 15 and we ate where we were at. Later, when I moved to the city I lost my friend. We were running around his house and I lost him. Then I eyed him in the window eating breakfast. He hadn't invited me in: that seemed unnatural."

ON NEGRO LEADERSHIP: "No one represents the Negro in our city government. Nobody. Our leaders are "appointed" We glorify our intellectuals yet they are not under our political control. They in turn are removed physically from us and so generate in themselves contempt for us...The middle class negro must be conscious of the depth of his failure."

ON CLASS & COLOR: "Insofar as the boss and the worker are sweethearts they are both traitors. Yet anyone who would fight a class struggle to preserve that class is a fool...We do not want to create another sub-capitalistic class. The problem is ultimately not a BLACK problem but rather a matter of CLASS.

SANGEET (cont from page 5)

It is important and pertinent to note that the differences that exist between Indian and Western music are primarily based on matters of melody and harmony. The very simple principle underlying harmony - the mainstay of Western music - is to produce an effect by means of two or more notes rendered simultaneously. Indian music, however, is largely dependent upon melody: notes rendered successively. An example of cross-cultural grafting is the increased use by Indian popular music of Western harmonization.

India is a storehouse of innumerable, varieties of folk songs. These songs in their simplest forms are lucid and full of expression, e.g. BHANGARA: a folk tune of the Punjab. Women sing these while the men dance, and emphasis is given more to rhythm than to melody. The most popular variety of light music will include THUMRI, DADRA, and GAZAL: THUMRI is said to be the parent or genus of all other forms of light music. Its values are principally lyrical and its themes generally centre around SHRINGAR (love), and its allied feelings of amorousness, affection, yearning, pangs of separation and the like. DADRA and GAZAL differ from THUMRI in that they are sung in fast tempo and are less intent in their sentiment. GAZAL is a love-song in Ordu or Persian language.

Music plays a very important part in the religious life of the Indians. The VEDAS were sung to tune and music was used as an instrument for drawing forth divine grace. The holy book of the SIKHS is written to be sung in the melodious tunes of RAGAS. In fact, RAGA is the solace of a musician's life and the music is the food for soul.

ISHWAR SINGH

The difference between the Watts insurrection and the Detroit variety is that the latter crossed racial lines...In the south today Negro co-operators are being developed which are open to whites...It would be criminal for a Negro to erect barriers against others who have essentially his own interests...The real minority is the minority that is organized in the suppression of these interests.

To preserve national dignity is a foolish commitment to mediocrity. Our institutions don't even work at home...You can reject the idea the species are extinct, but if you do, it will destroy you. We are opposed to racism. We know what it's done...Our ultimate goal should be the destruction of race and class."

ON THE STATUS QUO: "Our present institutional callousness: its dehumanizing aspects - the power of money and class control - these are the terminals of our society. Things must be done for the doing. It can happen in a man's head...Creativity must be divorced of money, prestige or status...The source of incentive must not simply be the threat of hunger or arguing over jobs or over machines...Total cybernation is not here, but it could be a lot closer. The establishment should keep up with it, but they don't because it would mean the destruction of the "The System!" Every society that grants reforms encourages revolution...We have had enough of White Give-giving...1500 watermelons were sent into Newark at the ebb of the insurrection."

ON VIOLENCE: "Our fight is an honorable one...The magnitude of our "crime" is minuscule...There is a simple dignity to a kind of violence that clearly articulates the real conflicts that exist under the verbal barrage of "the system's" attempts to pacify...We will resist in fear and trembling many times; but that's courage. This country is built on violence...and the threat of violence. The largest portion of its wealth goes into the creation of instruments of violence and maintains global control through the threat of their use. "They have written the game and they should expect it to be played...Being non-violent with irrational people is like asking the prosecutor to be the judge and jury too. The constitution's protection of the right to bear arms was created specifically for the citizen's protection from military and para-military internal oppression. Encamped armies entering one's home. We might feel a little pity for the establishment - the guy who has got all the guns - he needs them to feel secure. It's an organized minority that has had to use the force. He must hold his own humanity in contempt..."

ON AUTHORITY: "I'm no authority on anything."



HELIX EVICTED

We have been evicted from our office. If blame were to be fixed it would require a kind of detection that we have no interest in pursuing. In a sense we were at fault for running a most unusual business. Not that we were selling dope - we certainly weren't - but that we were the erstwhile home for the paper, the job corps and basic needs. That meant a mass and frequently a mess of "weirdo-types" (Wessalius) and possibly some of our neighbors were bothered. Though we were not noisy we were an eyesore...i.e. the office sometimes resembled a transfer station for the city dump. But what is perhaps most unusual about the office is that in the midst of all that litter and two shoebox files such an incredible amount of real and even humane work was done.

Unfortunately our landlord, a somewhat timid Norwegian saxophonist, received some pressure from someone. And so we have been asked to leave. The reasons given were (1) litter on the sidewalk - of this we are not so guilty. We get a lot of ZIPS traffic past our door...and the whole street is a mess, and (2) sleepers. Of this we are excellently guilty. At time as many as 12 persons crashed on our normally hard floors. The landlord's stipulation was that no one live here. Well, no one has, but that's quibbling with words. People have slept here because at 11 o'clock in the evening they had no place to sleep. So we let them.

Now we must look for a new place...preferably not too close to the district. If you can help please contact "our" office before October 1. After that it will be difficult to find us.

FREE U. FALL QUARTER

Perhaps the main contribution to american culture by the "hippies" has been the dream of a new way of life. Such groups, hardly organizations in the real sense of the word, as the Diggers, Strawberry Fields, Castalia, and Basic Needs point to what the pattern of the new life should be. These groups minister to the life of the body, they are the first attempts to provide an ideal setting in which to lead a totally whole and psychedelic life.

Right in the heart of Seattle's hippy community sits a similar organized non-organization which attempts to provide the set, the intellectual understanding also necessary for the new life. Unfortunately it is not the hippies in general who take advantage of the Free University and all that it offers. And it offers a lot. Now only a year old what it has managed to instigate either directly or indirectly seems in retrospect incredible. Many of the more creative efforts in the community, such as Basic Needs, UDM, Hip Job Corps, OCS, Helix found their inspiration in one of the Free U's five drag rooms....even in spite of Free U leadership which can be frequently petty, and incestuous (even "radicals" will sometimes create their own "establishment"....given the time). This quarter the Free U. will offer courses on subjects ranging from Yoga, Sitar, Pottery, and the Drug Scene, to the Political Philosophy of Karl Marx, Vietnam, and Sex and Sexuality.

The Free University exists by and for itself with the sole purpose of exchanging a more knowledgeable you. Its fees are nominal, and it places absolutely no restrictions on its teachers who range from PhD's to a high school dropout. Registration begins the week of the 25th and the Free University invites you to drop up and find out what it is all about.

Already the concept of the Free University has spread to nearly every city in the U.S. and Canada. The number of people involved is steadily increasing as more and more people turn away from public and private schools to tune in to what is going on, here and now. The Free University is at the center of the revolution, it is what's happening. An it points the way to what education can and should be.

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Registration and classes at 4144 1/2 University Way N.E.
Phone ME 2-2299

LETTERS

PAGE 9

from: **ELMAR LANCZOS** candidate for Freeholder

In running for freeholder, I'm trying to bring about a basic change in the concept of government. To me, the base upon which county government rests is much more important whether there are one, three, five or a dozen commissioners. For if we write a backward charter, even the best people will not be able to do a good job of running the county, even supposing good people can be persuaded to run, while if the charter is a forward looking document, even blithering idiots won't be able to ruin things too badly.

For these reasons, I propose the following ideas be written into the charter:

(1.) The law is the servant of the people, not the master. This may be self-evident, but actually the opposite is true.

(2.) The function of government is to protect citizens from each other, not from themselves. For example, it is legal to ruin one's health by smoking cigarettes and one's financial standing by over-use of credit cards, but to do the same by smoking marijuana and gambling is forbidden, though neither prohibition is strictly enforced. If one, why not the other? Actually neither should be against the law.

(3.) It is the duty of the county to provide a means of livelihood to all its citizens. Eating should be a right and not a privilege. This, however, may have to await federal action, though I would prefer more local effort rather than abdicating all authority to Washington, D.C.

I also favor the formation of an advisory committee to propose legislation to the commissioners. This would be voluntary. Its members would serve without pay and meet once a month.

Elmar Lanczos

from: **ALAN WATTS** on: Police Prerogatives

Recent and current "race" riots have many causes, but one of them is most certainly hatred of the police. In this country, the big-city police forces have, at present, an extremely bad public image, which must be changed now -- because nothing is more basic to the morale of the community than respect for the law and its officers. May I therefore submit the following simple and practical proposals. They will not solve the entire problem, but will make a substantial contribution to that end.

1. Clothes all too easily make the man, and those who dress like Nazi SS troopers tend to behave like them. Police uniforms should therefore be changed from black or blue to khaki-green, and, instead of helmets or vizored caps, we should restore the old Campaign Hat, as worn by Forest Rangers and Mounties -- officials generally liked by the public as helpful "scouts". If there must be helmets, let them be those of the British "bobbies".

2. The police must cease to carry armaments other than truncheons or night-sticks. Concurrently, the civilian public should forbid themselves to own firearms other than shot-guns or rifles for us in sport and hunting. Hand-guns and automatic weapons should be outlawed, and I say this even as a former member of the National Rifle Association.

3. In accordance with the constitutional principle of the separation of Church and State, the police must have no further jurisdiction in matters of personal and private morals. Nothing brings them into greater disrespect than being required to act as armed preachers, enforcing sumptuary laws against gambling, wenching, boozing, and drug-taking. Such jurisdiction is also a major cause of police corruption, inviting blackmail, harrassment, entrapment, and acceptance of bribes. The drunken driver for instance, for example, should be charged with bad driving -- not with intoxication. All efforts to get rid of the causes of crime, by force, end as attempts to get rid of human nature, and all truly moral behavior is, by definition, voluntary.

4. Police duties should be confined to the essential functions of (a) directing traffic, (b) protecting the citizenry from murder, robbery, and violence, and (c) giving due assistance to lost children and Little old ladies.

If these four basic principle are worked out in detail, we in the United States will have loved and honored police forces, as distinct from officially sponsored corps of racketeer, hoodlums, and booted bullies -- all the more dangerous for being allowed to vent their spleen with a clear conscience.

There will be respect for authority when, and only when, authority is itself respectable.

Alan Watts

Alan Watts



War Duty: I heard it from George
who dug graves.

After the battle, the dead lay prostrate
Strewn in the mud. We, their friends,
Loaded the bodies like logs,
Roughly snipped off their tags,
Their pockets we turned out
And we buried them in one
Long trench, the smell beginning
To rise, like heat off a highway.
A priest shrived and signed them,
We raised a small mound with
Some honor: what more could we do?

Van Ryper

come
that i
may be
by you
yet one
who once
was
none

for Seferis and Others

we still seek the hands
that do not hang from these arms
but are ours; the fingers to feel
everywhere on its journey
homeward; muscles whose future
will plant good seed
and knead the earth.

we still seek the land —

Roger Veinus

REGARD

after Victor Hugo

There, see, that spectacle is
Beautiful, that view immense
Which always before us finishes
And begins again.
Wheats, waters, thatches
Laughing at the eye,
The bird which travels and
The bird which prays,
The prow and the plow
Tracing together their sameness
Of furrow. Regard hills and
Horizons full of uncertainty
And forms so that none you
Will see will be murky
But clear.

Eric Colline

WOODBLOCK ACCENTUATED BY THUMB
TORN FRESH FROM THINGLAND

Holding a book
of prints by Hokusai,
my.

thumb intrudes
upon the
Great Wave, adding,
for me at least,
the possessive personality
of my

Real World:
Frame.

John Cunnick

AT THE EXHIBITION

A pair of lovers meet
around a china Ming;
porcelain Chinese
sculpted in rejection.
How her still glance greys
his Oriental tension;
how permanent subjection!

W.F.T., LaMendola

INTERVIEW WITH A PERSON INVOLVED IN AN ACCIDENT

"Let's just say accident hit me wrong
buddy. Instead of messages just missed
our heroic opportunities
turned tragedy, instead of what we
hope to believe in all our boredom -
my fuckin car is ruined, and someone's dead."

"Do? Nothin much:
I tramped in rain,
took insurance information,
cursed the public lights of those
uninvolved
and those with mock concern -
reporters, cameramen...all the action.
What the hell. Nothin makes
more news than death;
only,
exposure makes it
more or less
unpunctuated..."

W.F.T. LaMendola

Kahn 6

D

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EA 5 6753

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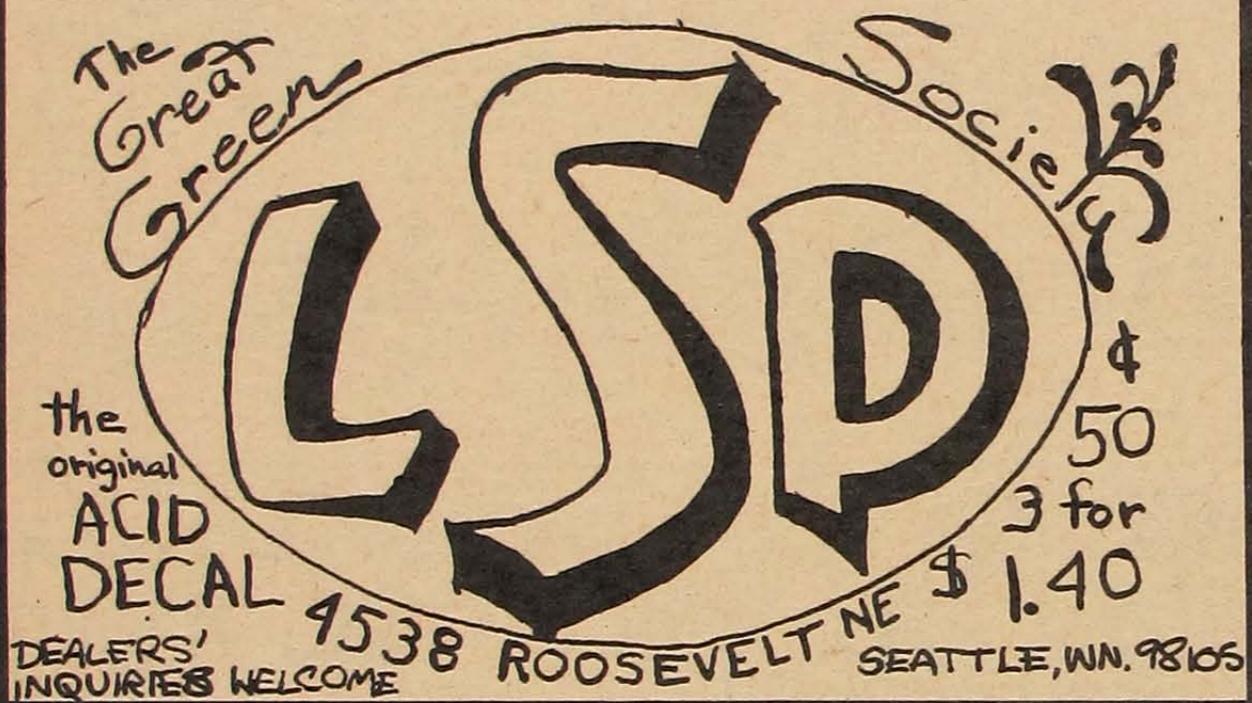
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It's a nice quiet life running a bookstore in the University District. Buy a few books and magazines, put them on shelves, lean back behind the desk, talk with friends and customers, and make an unhurried, unhassled living surrounded by the thoughts and visions of man. POW. You're busted. This vision is obscene. That thought is subversive. This hallucination gives me an erection (stimulates the prurient interest). Arrest the owner! Arrest the clerks! And that girl over there reading Dr. Strange! Power structure paranoia peddling morality. Trials, lawyers, suits, countersuits. All charges dropped six months later.

Back behind the desk, feet up, pipe in mouth. Thoughts and dreams draw thinkers, dreamers and doubters - as varied in appearance as the covers of pocketbooks. Some real some surreal some straight some freaked - none the same, all seeking the word, The Pure Thought, The Final Transcendence, The Unending Flash.

The Power Structure, drunk and reeling on a Tuesday night, reappears in the body of the Captain of Juveniles, Narcotics, and the Local Police Precinct. Crewcut, overweight, aggressive, loud, and outraged at the unsameness of bookreaders and illusion dwellers, he yells at a boy quietly contemplating the I Ching, "Hey! Baby! When you gonna get a haircut? Or'm I gonna hafta do it for ya?" Staggers into the back room to show his guardian/companion the "disgusting degenerate drug addicts" laying on the floors. A typist looks up briefly, then continues his work. The Captain leaves muttering incoherently about hippies, twenty years in the Marine Corps, dope, bookstores and how he's gonna bust everything in sight. This Arm of the Law ends his clearheaded reconnaissance of the U District drinking coffee while outside two lesser narks stand guard.

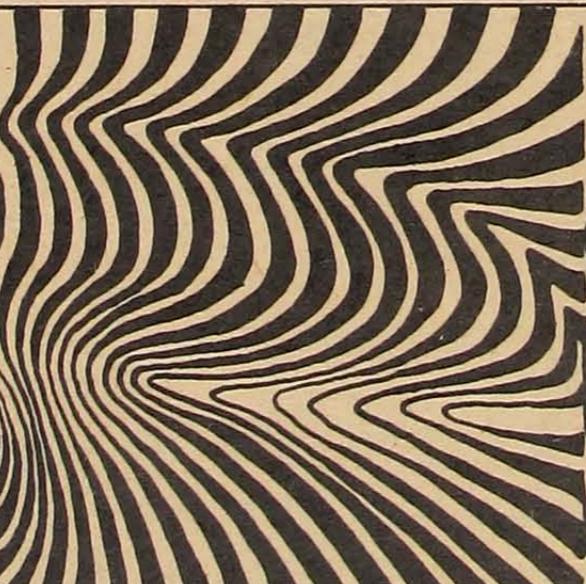
The bookstore owner dusts a shelf, rearranges his books, sells a few, someone comes in with the flag used to photograph the cover of Seattle magazine, he hangs it in his window. Why not? Thousands of copies circulate throughout the city with a burning flag on the cover but the bookstore receives irate phone calls night and day from incensed symbol-loving patriots, the media descend en masse for interviews and pictures, the police stand in the doorway, case the joint and depart to get instructions from higher Authority. The bookstore owner pulls up his chair and waits for the next childish intrusion into his world by the frustrated Power Structure perplexed in its attempt to understand the freedom of the mind of man.

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